

The World is Coming Undone

Story: The World is Coming Undone

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Summary: A frantic, angsty poem in Menardi's point of view concerning the events of Venus Lighthouse.

***Chapter 1*: The World is Coming Undone**

The World is Coming Undone

By V.S. Windheart

Vyctori: The world really *is* coming undone, for I, Vyctori Skye Windheart, have actually written *angst!* SERIOUS angst! Like, Empress Dotdotdot-style angst!

Menardi: What's gotten into you?

Vyctori: Beats me. I was listening to the Fusion Dragon battle theme last night. It sounded so frantic and desperate--especially towards the beginning--that a tremendous bolt of inspiration hit me and this is the result! You, my dear muse, did your job for once!

Menardi: ¬_¬ And what's *that* supposed to mean?

Vyctori: *coughs* Nothing. Anyway, I'm not going to let you do the review threats at the end this time, because it would spoil the angsty mood.

Menardi: WHAT?!

Vyctori: Sorry.

Menardi: Well, review this, or you, the reader, will be the one experiencing angst. Got it?

Vyctori: Yup. They've got it. Anyway, this is Menardi's point of view, in case you can't figure it out. Enjoy--or not, since this *is* angst, after all.

~ * * * ~

Lancing agony. . . .

I see my partner,

once so strong, so proud,

so carefree,

sprawled on the cold stone floor.

He turns his head;

our eyes join.

There is no other choice.

I see those children,

uncomprehending younglings.

They look at us,

smug,

self-righteous smiles on their faces.

They think they are the heroes,

we are the villains,

but can they not see?

There is no good or evil in this quest,

there is only salvation of the entire world.

And the world is coming undone.

And the wheel is spinning itself apart,
splintering.

The wheel of life is shattering,
right before our blood-red eyes.

"Now," he whispers,
beautiful voice now ragged with pain.

I curve my arm in a smooth arc,
casting the small crystal,
the one thing that has the power to save us,
into the lighthouse beacon.

Glory.

The explosion of light sweeps us up,
to our feet and to hidden resources of power.

We must win at all costs.

I hold my arms above my head,
feeling my body dissolve into a ghostlike form . . .
perhaps a foretelling of what is to come. . . .

Our bodies melt into one another,
freely, easily.

And we begin to change.

When we are complete, we are one yet two.

One dragon of two souls.

The children back away in fear,
revulsion slashed across their faces.

Some would call us a monster,
but I know.

The true monsters are those who,
long ago,
condemned our people to a slow, helpless,
hopeless death.

The real evil is ignorance
and empty traditions
held to the end without wisdom or understanding.

Those very traditions that are causing the planet to die.

The elders keep the lighthouses dim,
and they do not comprehend what they are doing.

And the world is coming undone.

And the wheel is spinning itself apart,
splintering.

The wheel of life is shattering,

and so is all hope.

Franticness clutches at us.

There is only death if we lose,
for the children have become adults
and will not let us live.

But for us, what is dying?

Here or in Prox;
now, death only comes a little sooner.

Feeling muscle and flesh move
through my partner's command and not my own,
nightmare darkness is reality
and reality is distorted.

Losing the battle.

If I could laugh,
a cold, bitter laugh,
I would.

They are winning.

We will die.

The elders of Vale would say their
inevitable victory

is due to our malevolence,
their benevolence.

Oh, how wrong they are.

Because the world is coming undone.

And the wheel is spinning itself apart,
splintering.

The wheel of life is shattering,

and our life,

all life,

is coming to an end.